

1-1-1913

Letter from Jane W. Cary, Wellesley, Massachusetts to Mrs. Wren B. Cary, Windsor, Connecticut, 1913 or 1914

Jane W. Cary

Wellesley College Archives

Follow this and additional works at: <https://repository.wellesley.edu/studentcorcary>

Recommended Citation

Cary, Jane W. and Wellesley College Archives, "Letter from Jane W. Cary, Wellesley, Massachusetts to Mrs. Wren B. Cary, Windsor, Connecticut, 1913 or 1914" (1913). *Jane Cary letters (6C1914)*. 148.
<https://repository.wellesley.edu/studentcorcary/148>

This Correspondence is brought to you for free and open access by the Wellesley Student Correspondence at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Jane Cary letters (6C1914) by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.

Sunday morning

Darling morning.

Yes it is Sunday morning and I am not at chapel. I fully intended to go, but things simply wouldn't get done in time, so I stayed here.

Yesterday morning I had the German quiz I wrote you about. It was awful. That was all I had so I came back and cleaned the room which badly needed it. In the afternoon - much against my principals - I studied for my paper up in the library.

Last night all the campus houses had parties for the Freshman. We had about thirty here to amuse. We led them on the most spooky ghost walk they ever had. Girls dressed up in sheets led them through the corridors and then through the basement. Witches who shrieked were stationed at intervals, a girl was in one corner who looked exactly as if she were hanging by her hair, and another girl was lying on a couch, wound around with a sheet and with much powder on her face, she was supposed to be a corpse.

I was the spirit of

Hallowe'en and met them when they finished the ghost walk and took them into the dining room where they had apples cider and crullers and did all the usual stunts.

I wore an orange crepe paper pointed cap, red shoes and stockings and a red and yellow fancy dress that one of the girls had. Everyone seemed to have lots of fun.

This noon Mrs. Eastman (the head of the house) is going to have her daughter and husband, her son from Andover Academy and a Freshman at Harvard here for dinner. There is

one small table in the dining room and she is going to sit there with her guests. The point of all this preliminary is that she has asked Florine Tucker (the Chester girl) and me to sit with them - ah! We expect to have a funny time, though we are getting sort of used to it, for she usually asks us to sit there when her daughter comes over. The only thing is - I hope I sit with my back to the rest of the girls! They nearly made me disgrace myself once by winking at me.

How I would like to do this afternoon what I did last week - see you. I'll think about you hard, will you about me?

your devoted Jennie